

# JOAN OF ARC

Historical Tragedy for 6 Males, 13 Females and Supes

BY THE URSULINES OF ST. TERESA'S

PRICE, 25 CENTS

NEW YORK

EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY

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NOTE.—This play is practicable in almost any school hall, and for any degree of talent. The first scenes are drawn from Michelet's History of "Joan of Arc," but the text is principally adapted from Schiller's "The Maid of Orleans," and the plan of some scenes from Mr. Ball's drama of the same name.

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## CHARACTERS.

JOAN OF ARC, the Maid of Orleans.

CHARLES, Dauphin of France; afterward King.

ISABELLA, mother of Charles.

LADY AGNES, his foster sister.

EARL DUNOIS (French), his cousin.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY (English), his cousin.

THIBAUT OF ARC, Joan's father.

LOUISE, Joan's sister.

MARGO, Joan's sister.

SYBILLE, Joan's godmother.

ETIENETTE, }  
BERTHA, } Cousins.

CLAUDE, }  
HANNETTE, } Friends.

MENGETTE, }  
LISETTE, }

COUNT LA HIRE, French officer.

LADY CLARE.

ANGEL.

BEAUVAIS, judge.

Courtiers, ladies, soldiers, peasants, children.

## SCENE I.

Forest of Vosges. Fountain in Foreground.

[CHILDREN singing and dancing with garlands, which they hang upon the fountain. CHILDREN gather around HANNETTE.]

MENGETTE. Tell us, Hannette, you are the oldest, why do we assemble here, and make a festival?

HANNETTE. Do not ask me, dear, it would not be right of me to recount the legend, and teach these dear children superstition, they could not say their prayers without distraction.

CHILDREN. Oh, please tell us, Hannette!

MEN. You have known it since you could walk, and yet you are good, and can say your prayers; look at Joan, how holy she is, and how devoutly she says her prayers in church, and how recollected and modest she is. I am sure she has known it, too.

ETIENNETTE. Try us, Hannette.

LISETTE. We promise to be very good.

HAN. Well, let me ask you a question, and if you can all say "yes," I will tell you.

CHIL. Go on, Hannette, we'll try.

HAN. Do you all know that our good pastor says mass here once every year?

ET. Yes, yes, oh yes. [*Joyously.*]

HAN. Do you know why?

CHIL. [*hesitating, trying to guess*]. N—o.

HAN. Now, you have not answered.

LIS. But you did not say we should say "yes" to two questions, and we said "yes" three times to the first [*clapping hands*].

HAN. I'm caught, so I must tell.

CHIL. Good! good! good!

HAN. You see that tree [*pointing*] and that fountain?

CHIL. Yes, yes, go on!

HAN. They were once haunted by wicked fairies, and used to do so much mischief, that the good priests say mass once a

year, to bring a blessing on them, and keep the wicked fairies away. And to rejoice that they were kept away, the children have been allowed for many years to sing and dance around them.

MEN. Now we will pray all the better.

ETIENETTE and CHIL. We will, we will; thank you, Hannelle. [*CHILDREN dance off.*]

[*Enter JOAN'S sisters and cousins with HANNETTE and MENGETTE.*]

HAN. [*to LOUISE*]. What is the matter with Joan? She never joins us now in our merry-making, and shuns us when we meet.

LOUISE. I do not know, she will sit for hours on yonder rock and look far off, seeming to talk with some one. She is getting so dreamy.

MARGO. Yet, when she returns with her flock, she busies herself about the house, and she bakes and spins more than Louise and myself.

MEN. And she is often seen with the sick and the poor in the village, and then she is often in church, our good pastor says, spending hours before the altar; but see, there she comes like one in a dream; let us step aside and watch her.

MAR. No, I cannot wait, we must haste to prepare for the mass here to-morrow, as you know this is the time for the celebration. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter JOAN.*]

JOAN [*dreamily*]. War, war, nothing but war, and oh, my good God, how many souls are lost to thee! When will it cease? Wilt thou not prescribe a term to these miseries? Wilt send a liberator as thou hast done for Israel?

[*Lights are thrown upon scene. Music. JOAN falls on knees, looks in direction of lights and music with rapt expression.*]

A VOICE [*or apparition of St. Michael bearing a banner*]. Arise, Johanna, leave thy flock. The Lord appoints thee to an-

other task. Receive this banner! Gird thee with this sword!  
 Therewith to exterminate my people's foes.

Conduct to Rheims thy royal master's son  
 And crown him with the kingly diadem.

JOAN. How may I presume  
 To undertake such deeds, a tender maid  
 Unpracticed in the dreadful art of war?

VOICE. Obedience, woman's duty here on earth,  
 Severe endurance is her doom.  
 She must be purified through discipline,  
 Who serveth here is glorified above.

*[Curtain is drawn aside and representation of the Blessed Virgin surrounded by angels is seen, while lights are thrown on scene and soft music is played. Curtain falls.]*

## SCENE II.

**Five Years Later. A Garden with Shrine of the Blessed Virgin.**

*[Enter THIBAUT, JOAN and SYBILLE.]*

THIBAUT. Thy sisters, Joan, will soon be happy brides,  
 I see them gladly, they rejoice my age,  
 But thou, my youngest, dost give me grief and pain.

SYBILLE. What is the matter? Why upbraid thy child?

THIB. A noble youth, the flower and pride  
 Of our village, hath fixed on thee  
 His fond affections, and for three long years  
 Has woo'd thee with respectful tenderness;  
 But thou dost thrust him back, with cold reserve.  
 Nor is there one 'mong all our shepherds  
 Who e'er can win a gracious smile from thee.

SYB. Forbear, good father! Cease to urge her thus,  
 Still she delights to range among the hills  
 And fears descending from the wild free heath  
 To tarry 'neath the lowly roofs of man,  
 Where dwell the narrow cares of humble life.

From the deep vale with silent wonder oft,  
 I mark her, when upon a lofty hill  
 Surrounded by her flock, erect she stands  
 With noble port, and bends her earnest gaze  
 Down on the small domains of earth.

To me  
 She looketh then, as if from other times  
 She came, foreboding things of import high.

THIB. 'Tis that precisely what displeases me,  
 Above the maidens of this vale.  
 She, in her heart, indulges sinful pride  
 And pride it was through which the angels fell.

SYB. [*pointing to statue*]. Yon holy image of the  
 Virgin blest  
 Whose presence heavenly peace diffuseth round,  
 Not Satan's work leadeth thy daughter here.  
 Who cherishes a purer, humbler mind  
 Than doth thy pious daughter? Does she not  
 With cheerful spirit work her sisters' will?  
 She is more brightly gifted far than they,  
 Yet like a servant maiden, it is she  
 Who silently performs the humblest tasks.  
 Around all she does, there ceaseless flows  
 A blessing rare.

THIB. Ay truly, and unaccountable indeed.  
 Sad horror, at this blessing seizes me.

But now henceforth I will be silent. [*Exit.*]

SYB. [*to JOAN*]. My child come now to the cottage, and  
 rest thee ere thou to prayers dost go.

JOAN. No, mother, Joan ne'er can rest till the Dauphin is  
 crowned; wilt thou bear me company? I must haste the Lord's  
 will to do.

SYB. I will ne'er leave thee, child. But tarry yet.

JOAN. No, no, before Mid-lent I must be with the King,  
 for no one in the world can recover the kingdom of France but

myself, albeit I fain would stay with you, my flocks to tend and my spinning do; this is no work of my own.

Fear nothing, God guides my way,

'Tis for this, God gave me life.

SYB. I stood beside the font, when the waters of regeneration were poured upon thy infant head, and promised for thee Satan's works to renounce, so now I will stand beside in this thy hour of trial. I will go where the Lord leadeth thee.

JOAN [*taking her hand, leading her off; stops and looks around her*]. Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved glades,

Ye lone and peaceful valleys fare ye well,

Through you Johanna never more may stray.

For aye, Johanna bids you now farewell.

For I to danger's field of crimson hue

Am summoned hence another flock to find.

Such is the Spirit's high behest,

No earthly, vain ambition fires my breast.

He from these leafy boughs thus spake to me:

"Go forth! Thou shalt on earth My witness be,

For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,

When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,

Then thou aloft My oriflame shalt bear;

And swiftly, as the reaper mows the corn,

Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;

His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,

To Gaul's heroic sons deliv'rance bring,

Relieve beleaguered Rheims and crown thy King."

The heavenly Spirit promised me a sign.

He sends the helmet; it hath come from Him;

Its iron filleth me with strength divine.

I feel the courage of the cherubim,

As with the rushing of a mighty wind,

It drives me forth to join the battle's din;

The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers rear,

And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear. [*Music.*]

*Stands as if listening, then in attitude of rapt prayer. Curtain.*

## SCENE III.

Royal Residence.

[Enter DUNOIS.]

DUNOIS. No longer I'll endure it. I renounce  
This recreant monarch who forsakes himself.  
My valiant heart doth bleed and I could rain  
Hot tear-drops from mine eyes that robber sworn  
Partition thus the royal realm of France;  
That cities, ancient as the monarchy,  
Deliver to the foe the rusty keys,  
While here in idle and inglorious ease  
We lose the precious season of redemption.  
Tidings of Orleans' peril reach mine ear.  
Hither I sped from distant Normandy,  
Thinking, arrayed in panoply of war,  
To find the monarch with his marshaled hosts,  
And find him—here! begirt with troubadours,  
And juggling knaves, engaged in solving riddles  
And planning festivals,  
As brooded o'er the land profoundest peace;  
The constable hath gone, he will not brook  
Longer the spectacle of shame—I too  
Depart and leave him to his evil fate.

[Enter CHARLES.]

CHARLES. The constable hath sent us back his sword,  
And doth renounce our service.

Now, by Heaven!  
He thus hath rid us of a churlish man,  
Who insolently sought to lord it o'er us.

DUN. A man is precious in such perilous times,  
I would not deal thus lightly with his loss.

CHAS. Thou speakest thus from love of opposition,  
While he was here, thou never wert friends.

DUN. He was a tiresome, proud, vexatious fool

Who never could resolve.  
For once, however,  
He hath resolved. Betimes he goeth hence,  
Where honor can no longer be achieved.

CHAS. Thou art in a pleasant humor. Undisturbed  
I'll leave thee to enjoy it.

Ambassadors are here from old King René,  
Of tuneful song, the master far renowned;  
Let them as honor'd guests be entertained  
And unto each present a chain of gold.  
Why smilest thou, Dunois?

DUN. That from thy mouth  
Thou shakest golden chains.  
No gold existeth in thy treasury.

CHAS. Then gold must be procured. It must not be  
That bards unhonor'd from our court depart.  
'Tis they who make our barren scepter bloom;  
'Tis they who wreath around our fruitless crown  
Life's joyous branch of never-fading green.

[While CHARLES goes off left, enter PAGE right, and is met  
by DUNOIS, who receives a message. CHARLES pauses and says:]

CHAS. Well, what is it?

DUN. Count Douglas sendeth here. The Scottish  
troops

Revolt, and threaten to retire at once  
Unless their full arrears are paid to-day.

CHAS. They are the finest troops of all my host,  
They must not now abandon me.  
O France! Pluck my bleeding heart  
Forth from my breast, and coin it 'stead of gold.  
I've blood for you, but neither coin nor troops.

[Enter LADY AGNES with a casket.]

CHAS. Agnes, oh, my sister!  
Thou comest here, to snatch me from despair.

LADY AGNES [*kissing his hand*].

My king, my brother! Dunois, Say, is it true  
So great the need?

No treasure left? The soldiers will disband?

DUN. Alas! it is too true.

L. AGNES. Here! here is gold!

Here, too, are jewels! Melt my silver down!

I'll pledge my castles on my fair domains

In Provence, treasure raise, turn all to gold.

Appease the troops! No time is to be lost.

CHAS. Well, now, Dunois! Do ye still  
Account me poor, when I possess the crown

Of womankind? She is nobly born as I;

The royal blood of Valois, not more pure;

The most exalted throne she would adorn,

Yet she rejects it with disdain, and claims

No other title than a sister dear.

No gift more costly will she e'er receive

Than early flower in winter, or rare fruit.

No sacrifice, on my part, she permits;

Yet sacrificeth all she hath to me.

With generous spirit she doth venture all

Her wealth and fortunes in my sinking bark.

DUN. Ay, she is mad indeed, my King, as thou;

She throws herself into a burning house

And draweth water in the leaky vessel.

Thee she will not save,

And in thy ruin but involve herself.

L. AGNES. Believe him not! Full many a time he hath

Perill'd his life for thee, and now forsooth,

Chafeth, because I risk my worthless gold.

Oh, come, let my example challenge *thee*

To nobler self-denial! Let us at once

Cast off the *needless ornaments* of life!

Thy *courtiers* metamorphose into *soldiers*,

Thy *gold* transmute to *iron*; all thou hast  
 With resolute daring, venture for thy crown;  
 Peril and want we will participate,  
 And expose our tender frame to fiery glow  
 Of the hot sun; take for our canopy  
 The clouds above, and make the stones our pillow.  
 The rudest warrior, when he sees his King  
 Bear hardship and privation like the meanest,  
 Will patiently endure his own hard lot!

CHAS. [*laughing*]. Ay, now I realize an ancient word  
 Of prophecy, once uttered by a nun  
 Of Clairmont, in prophetic mood she said:  
 "That through a woman's aid, I o'er my foes  
 Should triumph, and achieve my father's crown."  
 Far off I sought her in the *English* camp;  
 I strove to reconcile a mother's heart;  
 Here stands the *heroine*—my guide to Rheims!  
 My sister, I shall triumph through thy love.

L. AGNES. Thou'lt triumph through the valiant swords  
 of men.

CHAS. And from my foes' dissensions much I hope;  
 For sure intelligence hath reached mine ear  
 That twixt these English lords and Burgundy  
 Things do not stand precisely as they did;  
 Hence to the Duke I have dispatched La Hire,  
 To try if he can lead my angry vassal  
 Back to his ancient loyalty and faith.  
 Each moment now I look for his return.

L. AGNES [*looking from window*].  
 A knight e'en now dismounteth in the court.

CHAS. A welcome messenger! We soon shall learn  
 Whether we are doomed to conquer or to yield.

[*Enter LA HIRE.*]

Hope bringst thou or not? Be brief!  
 Out with thy tidings! What must we expect?

LA HIRE. Expect naught, Sire, save from thine own good sword.

CHAS. The haughty Duke will not be reconciled! Speak! how did he receive my embassy?

LA HIRE. His first and unconditional demand,  
Ere he consent to listen to thine errand,  
Is, that Duchâtel be delivered up  
Whom he doth name as murderer of his sire.

CHAS. This base condition we reject with scorn!

LA HIRE. Then be the league dissolved ere it commences!

CHAS. Hast thou thereon as I commanded thee  
Challenged the Duke to meet me in fair fight?

LA HIRE. Before him on the ground, I flung thy glove  
And said, "Thou wouldst forget thy majesty  
And like a knight do battle for thy realm."  
He scornfully rejoined: "He need not  
To fight for that which he possessed already;  
But if thou wert eager for the fray  
Before the walls of Orleans, thou mayst find him."  
Thereon he, laughing, turned his back on me.

CHAS. Say, did not justice raise her sacred voice  
Within the precincts of my parliament?

LA HIRE. The rage of party, Sire, hath silenced her.  
An edict of the parliament declares  
Thee and thy race excluded from the throne.

DUN. What insolence!

CHAS. Hast attempted with my mother aught  
How did *she* demean herself?

LA HIRE. I chanced to step within St. Denis's wall  
Precisely at the royal coronation;  
The crowds were dressed as for a festival,  
Triumphal arches rose in every street  
Through which the English were to pass;  
The way was strewn with flowers, and with huzzas.

As France some brilliant conquest had achieved  
The people thronged around the royal car.

L. AGNES. They could huzza, while trampling thus  
Upon a gracious sovereign's loving heart.

LA HIRE. I saw young Harry Lancaster—the boy  
On good St. Louis' regal chair enthroned;  
On either side his haughty uncles stood,  
Bedford and Gloucester, and before him kneeled,  
To render homage for his lands, Duke Philip.

CHAS. O peer dishonored! O unworthy cousin!

LA HIRE. The child was timid and his footing lost,  
As up the steps he mounted toward the throne.  
"An evil omen!" murmured forth the crowd,  
And scornful laughter burst on every side.  
Then forward stept Queen Isabel, thy mother,  
And—but it angers me to utter it.

CHAS. Say on. [*With emotion.*]

LA HIRE. Within her arms she clasped the boy  
And herself placed him on thy father's throne.

CHAS. Oh, mother! mother!

LA HIRE. E'en the murderous bands  
Of the Burgundians, at this spectacle  
Evinced some token of indignant shame;  
The Queen perceived it, and addressed the crowd,  
Exclaiming, with a loud voice:  
"Be grateful, Frenchmen,  
That I engraft upon a sickly stock  
A healthy scion and redeem you from  
The son of a mad sire."

[*CHARLES hides his face in his hand. LADY AGNES hastens and clasps his other hand, hiding her face on his shoulder. All the bystanders express horror.*]

DUN. [*coming forward*].

She-wolf of France! Rage breathing Migara!

CHAS. Yourselves have heard the postures of affairs;

Delay no longer; back, return to Orleans.  
 I do absolve my subjects from their oath;  
 Their own best interests let them now consult,  
 And yield them to the Duke of Burgundy,  
 Philip, the Good, he needs must prove humane.

DUN. What sayst thou, Sire. Thou wilt abandon Orleans?

L. AGNES. My King, abandon not thy faithful town;  
 Consign her not to England's harsh control,  
 She is a *precious* jewel in thy crown,  
 And none hath more inviolate faith maintained  
 Toward the knightly royal ancestors.

DUN. Have we been routed? Is it lawful, Sire,  
 To leave the English masters of the field,  
 Without a single stroke to save the town?  
 And thinkest thou, with careless breath forsooth,  
 Ere blood hath flowed, rashly to give away  
 The fairest city from the heart of France?

CHAS. Blood hath been poured forth freely

And in vain.

The hand of heaven is visibly against me;  
 In every battle is my host o'erthrown,  
 I am rejected by my parliament,  
 My capital, my people, hail me foe;  
 Those of my blood, my nearest relatives,  
 Forsake me and betray—and my own mother  
 Doth nurture in her arms the hostile brood.  
 Beyond the Loire we will retire and yield  
 To the o'ermastering hand of destiny,  
 Which sideth with the English.

L. AGNES. God forbid that we in weak despair should  
 quit this realm.

This utterance came not from thy heart, my King.  
 Thy noble heart, which hath been sorely riven  
 By the fell deed of thy unnatural mother.

Thou'lt be thyself again right valiantly;  
 Thou'lt battle with thy adverse destiny,  
 Which doth oppose thee with relentless ire.  
 Oh, in thyself have faith! Believe me, King,  
 Not vainly hath a gracious destiny  
 Redeemed thee from the ruin of thy house,  
 And by thy brethren's death exalted thee,  
 The youngest born, to an unlooked-for throne.  
 Hence, with rash haste abandon not the field;  
 With dauntless front contest each foot of ground;  
 As thine own heart defend the town of Orleans.

CHAS. What could be done, I have done.  
 You've heard my last resolve; expect no other.  
 May God protect you. I can do no more.

L. AGNES. Oh, must I contemplate this day of woe!  
 The King must roam in banishment—the son  
 Depart in exile from his father's house  
 And turn his back upon his childhood's home!  
 O pleasant, happy land that we forsake,  
 Ne'er shall we tread thee joyously again.

[KING CHARLES *stands looking sadly dejected.* LADY AGNES  
*leans on his shoulder weeping.* DUNOIS *turns his back angrily,*  
*and stands leaning on his sword.* Others look sad and disap-  
 pointed. LADY CLARE *enters in haste.*]

L. AGNES [*looking eagerly*]. What is it, Lady Clare?  
 What news? What does that look announce?  
 Some new calamity?

LADY CLARE. Calamity  
 Hath spent itself, sunshine is now returned.

L. AGNES. What is it? I implore you.

L. CLARE [*to KING*]. Summon back  
 The delegates from Orleans!

CHAS. Why? What is it?

L. CLARE. Summon them back. Thy fortune is re-  
 versed.

A battle has been fought and thou hast conquered.

L. AGNES. Conquered! O heavenly music of that word!

CHAS. A fabulous report deceives thee.  
Conquered! In conquest I believe no more.  
Relieve my wonder and perplexity.  
What may this solemn earnestness portend?  
Whence this unlooked-for change of fortune?

L. CLARE. I have a letter from my lord,  
Which tells the wondrous tale  
Of victory won. List, Sire,  
Whilst I read. [*Reads letter.*]  
"We had assembled sixteen regiments  
Of Lotharingian troops to join your host  
And Brandicourt was our commander.  
Having gained the heights by  
Vermanton, we wound our downward way  
Into the valley; there in the plain  
Before us lay the foe,  
And when we turned, arms glittered in our rear.  
We saw ourselves surrounded by two hosts,  
And could not hope for conquest or for flight.  
Then sank the bravest heart, and in despair  
We all prepared to lay our weapons down;  
The leaders with each other anxiously  
Sought counsel and found none,—when to our eyes  
A spectacle of wonder showed itself!  
For suddenly forth from the thicket's depths  
A maiden, on her head a polished helm  
Like a war-goddess, issued; terrible  
Yet lovely was her aspect, and her hair  
In dusky ringlets round her shoulders fell.  
A heavenly radiance shone round the height  
When she upraised her voice.  
'Why be dismayed, brave Frenchmen? On the foe!  
Were they more numerous than the ocean sand?  
God and the holy Maiden lead you on!'

Then quickly from the standard-bearer's hand  
 She snatched the banner, and before our troop,  
 With valiant bearing, the wondrous maid;  
 Silent with awe, the banner and the maiden we pursue  
 And rush upon the foe.  
 Who, much amazed, stand motionless and view  
 The miracle with fixed and wondrous gaze.  
 Then, as if seized with terror, sent from God,  
 They suddenly betake themselves to flight.  
 No leader's call, no signals now avail—  
 It was a slaughter rather than a fight—  
 Two thousand of the foe bestrewed the field,  
 While of our company not one was slain."

CHAS. 'Tis strange, most wonderful and strange.

L. AGNES. A maiden worked this miracle you say?  
 Whence did she come? Who is she?

L. CLARE. Listen! as my lord relates: "Who she is  
 She will reveal to no one but the King;  
 She calls herself a seer and prophetess,  
 Ordained by God, and promises to raise  
 The siege of Orleans ere the moon shall change  
 The people credit her and thirst for war;  
 She is on her way to lay  
 Her sword at the King's feet."

CHAS. What should I believe?  
 A maiden brings me conquest even now,  
 When naught can save me but a hand divine;  
 This is not in the common course of things,  
 And dare I here believe a miracle?

VOICES [*behind scenes*]. Hail to the Maiden, the deliverer!

CHAS. She comes! Dunois, now do thou assume my place.  
 We'll make a trial of this wondrous maid.

Is she, indeed, inspired and sent by God  
She will be able to discern the King.

[DUNOIS *seats himself in KING's place*. CHARLES *goes to DUNOIS's place*.]

Now, my Agnes, bring in the maid; give her this sword,  
and bid her lay it at the King's feet.

[*Exit* LADY AGNES.]

[*Enter* LADY AGNES and JOAN, *with her sword in hand*.]

JOAN. This sword I am to place at the King's feet.

L. AGNES. Who now stands before thee [*pointing to DUNOIS*].

JOAN. Say rather where the King should stand,  
There stands Charles; this is but the counterfeit of majesty.  
This [*placing sword at feet of CHARLES*] the same that has  
hovered round me in my dreams, my own loved sovereign, the  
Seventh Charles of France.

CHAS. [*advancing to front*]. Maiden, thou ne'er hast seen  
my face before. Whence hast thou then this knowledge?

JOAN. Thee I saw when none besides save God in heaven  
beheld thee.

[*She approaches KING and speaks mysteriously*.]

Bethink thee, Dauphin, in the bygone night,  
When all around lay buried in deep sleep,  
Thou from thy couch didst rise and offer up  
An earnest prayer to God. Let these retire,  
And I will name the *subject* of thy prayer.

CHAS. What I to Heaven confided need not be  
From men concealed. Disclose my prayer,  
And I shall doubt no more that God inspires thee.

JOAN. *Three* prayers thou didst offer. Dauphin, listen  
now

Whether I name to thee!

Thou didst pray that if there were appended to this crown  
unjust possession, or if heavy guilt  
Not yet atoned for, from thy father's times,

God would accept thee as a sacrifice.  
 Have mercy on thy people, and pour forth  
 Upon thy head the chalice of his wrath.

CHAS. [*steps back*]. Who art thou, mighty one?

JOAN. To God thou didst offer this second prayer  
 That if it were His will and high decree  
 To take away the scepter from thy race  
 And from thee to withdraw whate'er thy sire once  
                   possessed,  
 He in His mercy would preserve to thee  
 Three priceless treasures, a contented heart,  
 Thy friend's affection, and thine Agnes's love.  
 Thy third petition shall I name thee?

CHAS. Enough. I credit thee. This doth surpass  
 Mere human knowledge. Thou art sent by God.

L. AGNES. Who art thou, wonderful and holy maid?  
 What favored region bore thee? What blest pair,  
 Beloved of Heaven, may claim thee as their child?

JOAN. I am named Johanna,  
 I am a shepherd's lowly daughter, born  
 In Domremy, a village of my king.  
 The King of Heaven by me doth send  
 This message, that Rheims shall see  
 Thee crowned King of France.  
 Thou mayst doubt my word  
 And demand a sign, but none  
 Is given save this. The siege of Orleans  
 Will be raised ere another moon,  
 And the Dauphin proclaimed the King's son  
 And to the throne of France true heir.  
 My sword awaits me behind the altar of St. Catharine de  
                   Fierbois.

And by this sword, my Liege, shalt thou conquer.

L. AGNES. Before divine credentials such as these  
 Each doubt of earthly prudence must subside.

Her deeds attest the truth of what she speaks,  
For God alone such wonders can achieve.

DUN. I credit not her wonders, but her eyes,  
Which beam with innocence and purity.

CHAS. Am I, a sinner, worthy of such favor?  
Infallible, All-Searching Eye, thou seest  
Mine inmost heart, my deep humility.

JOAN. Humility shines brightly in the skies;  
Thou art abased, hence God exalteth thee.

CHAS. Shall I, indeed, withstand mine enemies?

JOAN. France I will lay submissive at thy feet.

CHAS. And Orleans, sayst thou, will not be surrendered?

JOAN. The Loire shall sooner roll its waters back.

CHAS. Shall I in triumph enter into Rheims?

JOAN. I through ten thousand foes will lead thee there.

DUN. Appoint the Maiden to command the host;  
e follow blindly wheresoe'er she leads.

The holy one's prophetic eyes shall guide,  
And this brave sword from danger shall protect her.

L. CLARE. A universe in arms we will not fear  
If she, the mighty one, precedes the troops;  
The God of battle walketh by her side.

CHAS. Yes, holy maiden, do thou lead mine host;  
My chiefs and warriors shall submit to thee.

JOAN [*kneels to kiss KING'S hand*]. I go, to plant the  
sign of victory at Orleans.

CURTAIN.

## SCENE IV.

*Outside the English Camp.*

ISABELLA [*in despair*]. Defeat! oh hated word;  
It stings me to the quick to think the French  
Have this day seen the backs of Englishmen.  
O Orleans! Orleans! Grave of England's glory!

Our honor lies upon thy fatal plains  
Defeat most ignominious and burlesque.

[Enter BURGUNDY.]

Fate hath proved adverse, we have lost a battle;  
But do not therefore let your courage sink.  
The Dauphin in despair of heavenly aid  
Doth make alliance with the powers of hell;  
A conquering maiden leads the hostile force.  
Yours I myself will lead, to you I'll stand  
In place of maiden or of prophetess.

BURGUNDY. Madame, return to Paris. We desire  
To war with trusty weapons, not with women.  
Go! go! Since your arrival in the camp  
Fortune hath fled, our banners and our course  
Hath still been retrograde.  
Depart at once! Your presence here doth scandalize the  
host.

ISA. This, Burgundy, from you? Do you take part  
Against me with these thankless English lords?

BURG. Go! go! The thought of combating for you  
Unnerves the courage of the bravest men.

ISA. Am I not your true confederate?  
Are we not banded in a common cause?

BURG. We combat in an honorable strife.  
A father's bloody murder *I* avenge;  
Stern filial duty consecrates *my* arm.  
Confess at once! Your conduct toward the Dauphin  
Is an offense alike to God and man.

ISA. The shameless son who sins against his mother!  
Your feeble natures cannot comprehend  
The vengeance of an outraged mother's heart.  
Who pleasures me, I love; who wrongs, I hate.  
If he who wrongs me chance to be my son,  
All the more worthy is he of my hate.  
The life I gave I will again take back.

What rightful cause have ye to plunder him?  
 Ambition, paltry envy, goad you on.  
 I have a right to hate him—he's my son.  
 Ye Britons! I hate you and despise!  
 Together with the world, you cheat yourselves.  
 With robber hands you English seek to clutch  
 The realm of France, where you have no just right,  
 No equitable claim to so much earth  
 As could be covered by your charger's hoof.  
 And you, Duke, whom the people style the Good,  
 Doth to a foreign lord, your country's foe,  
 For gold betray the birthland of your sires,  
 And yet is justice ever on your tongue.  
 Hypocrisy I scorn. Such as I am  
 So let the world behold me.

BURG. It is true. Your reputation you have well maintained.

ISA. I've passions and warm blood, and as a queen  
 Came to this realm to live, and not to seem.  
 I go to Melun, and you may work  
 Your own good pleasure.  
 I'll inquire no more concerning the Burgundians or the  
 English.

[*Exit. Enter JOAN.*]

BURG. Accursed one! thy hour of death is come.  
 Long have I sought thee on the battle-field.  
 Fatal delusion! get thee back!  
 Whence thou didst issue forth!

JOAN. Say, who art thou  
 Whom his bad genius sendeth in my way?  
 Princely thy port, no Briton doest thou seem,  
 For the Burgundian's colors stripe thy shield,  
 Before the which my sword inclined its point.

BURG. *Thou all unworthy art*  
 To fall beneath a prince's noble hand.

The hangman's axe should thy accursed head  
Cleave from thy trunk; unfit for such vile use  
The royal Duke of Burgundy's brave sword.

JOAN. Art thou, indeed, the noble Duke himself?

BURG. I'm he, vile creature; tremble and despair.  
Thou hast till now weak dastards overcome,  
Now thou dost meet a man.

[Enter DUNOIS and LA HIRE.]

DUN. Hold, Burgundy! Turn! Combat now with  
men, and not with maids.

LA HIRE. We will defend the holy prophetess.

JOAN. Dunois, forbear! No blood of France must flow.  
Not hostile weapons must *this* strife decide;  
Above the stars 'tis otherwise decreed.

Fall back, I say—attend and venerate  
The Spirit, which hath seized, which speaks through me.

DUN. Why, maiden, now hold back my upraised arm?  
Why check the just decision of the sword?  
My weapon pants to deal the fatal blow  
Which shall avenge and heal the woes of France.

JOAN. Fall back, Dunois! Stand where thou art,  
Somewhat I have to say to Burgundy.

What wouldst thou, Burgundy? Who is the foe

Whom eagerly thy murderous glances seek?

This prince is, like thyself, a son of France;

I am a daughter of thy fatherland.

We, whom thou art eager to destroy,

Are of thy friends; our longing arms prepare

To clasp, our bending knees to honor thee.

Our sword against thee is pointless, and that face,

E'en in a hostile helm, is dear to us;

For there we trace the features of our King.

BURG. What, siren? Wilt thou with seducing words  
Allure thy victim? Cunning sorceress,

Me thou deludest not. My ears are closed

Against thy treacherous words, and vainly dart  
Thy fiery glances 'gainst this mail of proof.  
To arms, Dunois!

DUN. First words, then weapons, Burgundy. Do words  
With dread inspire thee? 'Tis a coward's fear,  
And the betrayer of an evil cause.

JOAN. 'Tis not imperious necessity which throws us at  
thy feet.

We do not come as suppliants. Look around!  
The English tents are level with the ground,  
And all the field is covered with your slain.  
Hark! The war trumpets of the French resound.  
God hath decided—ours the victory.  
Our new-culled garland with our friend  
We fain would share. Come, noble fugitive,  
Oh, come where justice and where victory dwell.  
Even I, the messenger of Heaven, extend  
A sister's hand to thee. I fain would save  
And draw thee over to a righteous cause.  
Heaven hath declared for France.  
Angelic powers, unseen by thee, do battle for our King.  
With lilies are the holy ones adorned.  
Pure as this radiant banner is our cause,  
Its blessed symbol is the Queen of Heaven.

BURG. Falsehood's fallacious words are full of guile,  
But hers are pure and simple as a child's.  
If evil spirits borrow this disguise,  
They copy innocence triumphantly.  
I'll hear no more. To arms, Dunois!  
Mine ear I feel is weaker than mine arm.

JOAN. You call me an enchantress, and accuse  
Of hellish arts. Is it a work of hell  
To heal dissension and to foster peace?  
Come, what is holy from the depths below?  
Say, what is holy, innocent and good,

If not to combat for our fatherland?  
 If my words are true,  
 Whence could I draw them but from Heaven above?  
 Whoever sought me in my shepherd walks  
 To teach the lowly maid affairs of state?  
 I ne'er have stood with princes; to these lips  
 Unknown the art of eloquence. Yet now,  
 When I have need of it to touch thy heart,  
 Insight and varied knowledge I possess.  
 The fate of empires and the doom of kings  
 Lie clearly spread before my childish mind,  
 And words of thunder issue from my mouth.

BURG. [*greatly moved; looks with emotion and astonishment*].

How is it with me? Doth some heavenly power  
 Thus strangely stir my spirit's inmost depths?  
 This pure, this gentle creature cannot lie!  
 No; if enchantment blinds me, 'tis from Heaven.

JOAN. Oh, he is moved; I have not prayed in vain!  
 Wrath's thunder-cloud dissolves in gentle tears  
 And leaves his brow, while mercy's golden beams  
 Break from his eyes and gently promise peace.  
 Away with arms; now clasp him to your heart,  
 He's conquered; he is ours once more.

[JOAN joins the hands of both. Music. Tableau,  
*Charity. Curtain.*]

## SCENE V.

*Interior of Cathedral at Rheims.*

[PRINCE CHARLES and JOAN OF ARC discovered before altar, JOAN wearing chaplet and carrying the sacred banner. Soldiers, priests, ladies, etc.]

CHAS. To that high power which has brought to pass this glorious day be our first and dearest thanks; next to you, illustrious and wonderful Joan of Arc, we offer the grateful emotions

of your sovereign's breast. Say, how can we repay the services you have rendered us?

JOAN. Mighty sire, a poor and humble villager, the first tidings of your persecutions filled me with regret and sorrow. I believed myself inspired; my fevered fancy pictured scenes, which, wondrous as it may seem, have since been realized. My task has been fulfilled, and, to prove that ambition was not my impulse, I only ask—

CHAS. You cannot demand too much, what is it?

JOAN. Leave to return to my own home—there in obscurity to bless myself with the recollection that I have preserved my nation from ruin; my sovereign from a disgraceful death!

CHAS. Noble-minded woman! far be it from us to dictate; you shall return in peace, but our munificence must be permitted to accompany you into retirement; Richemont and Chalons, my faithful generals, shall escort you.

JOAN. There, my liege, lies the crown, from which you have too long been exiled—my only remaining office is to place it on that brow for which it alone was destined. Kneel, sire, and receive from my hands the gift that can only be rendered invaluable to a monarch by the exercise of virtue.

[*Music. KING kneels and JOAN with great dignity places sceptre in his hand and crown upon his head.*]

O gentle King, now is fulfilled the will of God, who was pleased that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and should bring you to your city of Rheims to be crowned and anointed, showing you to be the true king and rightful possessor of the realm of France.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye people, the King, your King comes to rule the land.

[*People repeat singing.*]

JOAN. All-seeing Providence! 'tis accomplished! my visions are fulfilled. Hail, Charles! hail King of France.

[*People repeat. Then all "Vive le roi" three times.*

*Music. Tableau. Procession passes, leaving JOAN alone in foreground. Curtain.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Street Outside of Cathedral.*

[*Enter first* LOUISE, MARGO, MARIE, CLAUDE, ETIENETTE, BERTHA; *then* THIBAUT and SYBILLE; *after*, JOAN, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LADY AGNES, LA HIRE.]

MARGO. Saw our sister?

CLAUDE. She in golden armor, who with banner walked before the King?

MARGO. It was Joan, it was she, our sister!

LOUISE. She recognized us not! She did not feel That we, her sisters, were so near to her. She looked upon the ground, and seemed so pale And trembled so beneath her banner's weight When I beheld her, I could not rejoice.

MARGO. So now, arrayed in splendor and in pomp, I have beheld our sister. Who in dreams Would ever have imagined or conceived, When on our own native hills she drove her flock, That we should see her in such majesty.

LOUISE. Our father's dream is realized, that we In Rheims before our sister should bow down; That is the church, which in his dream he saw, And each particular is now fulfilled. Alas! I'm grieved to see her raised so high. We have beheld her. Let us now return to our native village.

MARGO. How? Ere we with her have interchanged a word?

LOUISE. She doth belong to us no longer, she with princes stands And monarchs. Who are we, that we should seek With foolish vanity to near her state; She was a stranger, while she dwelt with us.

MARGO. Will she despise and treat us with contempt?

BERTHA. The King himself is not ashamed of us,  
He kindly greets the meanest of the crowd.  
How high so ever *she* may be exalted,  
The King is raised still higher. [Organ.]

[Enter THIBAUT with SYBILLE.]

SYB. Stay, Father Thibaut! do not join the crowds.  
Come, let us quit the town with hasty steps.

THIB. Hast thou beheld my child? My wretched child?  
Didst thou observe her?

SYB. I entreat you, fly!

THIB. The hour has come to save my child,  
And I will not neglect it.

SYB. What would you do?

THIB. Surprise her, hurl her down from her vain happiness, and forcibly  
Restore her to the God whom she denies.

SYB. O do not work the ruin of your child.

THIB. If her soul lives, her mortal part may die.

[Organ.]

[JOAN rushes on without her banner. People gather  
around her and detain her in back.]

She comes! 'Tis she! Her troubled conscience  
Drives her from the fane.

'Tis visibly the judgment of her God.

[They retire to opposite side. JOAN has freed herself  
from the crowd, and comes forward. Organ.]

JOAN. Remain I cannot—spirits chase me forth!  
The organ's pealing tones like thunder sound,  
The dome's arched roof threatens to overwhelm me,  
I must escape, and seek Heaven's wide expanse.  
I left my banner in the sanctuary;  
Never, oh never, will I touch it more.  
It seemed to me as if I had beheld  
My sisters pass before me like a dream.

'Twas only a delusion. They, alas!  
Are far, far distant, e'en as my childhood.

MARGO [*stepping forward*]. 'Tis she! It is Joan!

LOUISE. O my sister! [*Hastening to her.*]

JOAN. Then it was no delusion, you are here!  
Thee I embrace, Louise! Thee, my Margo!  
Here in this strange and crowded solitude,  
I clasp once more my faithful sisters.  
Your love hath led you to me, here so far!  
So very far! You are not wroth with her  
Who left her home without one parting word?

LOUISE. God's unseen providence conducted thee.

MARGO. Thy great renown, which agitates the world,  
Hath in our quiet village awakened us  
And led us hither to this festival  
To witness all thy glory, and we are not alone.

JOAN [*quickly*]. Our father is here? Where is he?

MARGO. Our father is not with us.

JOAN. He will not see me, then! You do not  
Bring his blessing for his child?

MARGO. Since thou hast left, our father hath become  
dejected.

JOAN [*sorrowfully*]. Ah!

LOUISE. Console thyself! He will collect himself  
When he shall from us hear that thou art happy.

MARGO. And thou art happy? Yes, it must be so  
For thou are great and honored.

JOAN. I am, now I again behold you, once again your  
voices hear,  
Whose fond familiar tones bring to mind my dear paternal  
field

When on my native hills I drove my herd,  
Then I was happy as in Paradise.

[*They embrace her.*]

MARGO. Come, Bertha! Claude! Come, Etienne!

Our sister is not proud; she is so gentle,  
More so than of yore  
When in our village, she abbode with us.

JOAN [*quickly*]. Come let us fly, I will return with you  
Back to our village, to our father's bosom.  
The people here exalt me far above  
What I deserve. You love me.

MARGO. Thou wilt abandon this magnificence?

JOAN. I will throw off the hated ornaments  
Which were a barrier 'twixt my heart and yours,  
And I will be a shepherdess again.

[*Many voices shout "Long Live the King," and "Hail to the King, the Deliverer."*]

[*Enter KING CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LADY AGNES and LADY CLARE.*]

KING [*to JOAN*]. If thou art born of woman,  
Name aught that can augment thy happiness.  
But if thy Fatherland is there above,  
If, in this virgin form thou dost conceal  
The radiant glory of a heavenly nature,  
From our deluded sense, remove the veil  
And let us see thee in thy form of light  
As thou art seen in Heaven, that in dust  
We may bow down before thee.

[*General silence and plaintive music on organ, while all gaze in wonder at JOAN, who stands with eyes cast down and hands clasped. She is about to raise both, when she sees her father THIBAUT coming toward them; she starts forward.*]

JOAN. O God! my father!

ALL [*exclaim*]. Her father?

THIB. Yes, her miserable father, whom God impels now  
to accuse his daughter.

BURG. [*coming forward*]. Ha! What's this?  
Now will the fearful truth appear!

THIB. [to King]. Thou think'st that thou art rescued  
thro' the power of God!  
Deluded Prince, deluded multitude!  
Ye have been rescued through the arts of hell.

[*All step back with horror.*]

DUN. Is this man mad?

[*JOAN stands as if dumb during this.*]

THIB. Not I, but *thou* art mad, and these noble lords,  
Who think that through a weak and sinful maid  
The God of Heaven would reveal Himself.  
Come, let us see, if to her father's face  
She will maintain the juggling art  
Wherewith she hath deluded King and people.

BURG. Most horrible! Yet we must needs believe a  
father's word

Who 'gainst his daughter gives evidence.

DUN. No, no! the madman cannot be believed  
Who in his child brings shame upon himself.

L. AGNES. O maiden, speak! this fatal silence break.  
One syllable from thee, one single word speak, annihilate  
This horrid accusation! But declare  
Thine innocence and we will all believe thee.

[*JOAN remains motionless. LADY AGNES steps back with horror.*]

L. CLARE. She's frightened. Horror and astonishment  
Impede her utterance. Before a charge  
So horrible, e'en innocence must tremble.

[*She approaches JOAN.*]

Collect thyself, Joan!  
Innocence has a triumphant mien whose lightning flash  
Strikes slander to the earth! In noble wrath  
Arise! look up and punish this base doubt,  
An insult to thy holy innocence.

[*JOAN remains motionless. LADY CLARE steps back. All seem excited.*]

DUN. Why do the people fear? the princes tremble?  
 I'll stake my honor on her innocence!  
 Here on the ground I throw my knightly gage,  
 Who, now, will venture to maintain her guilt?

[*Throws glove before THIBAUT, and stands defiantly before him. Thunder.*]

THIB. [*to JOAN*]. Answer by Him whose thunders roll  
 above;

Give me the lie. Proclaim thy innocence.  
 Say that the enemy hath not thy heart.

CHAS. God guard and save us! What appalling signs!  
 [*To JOAN.*] I ask thee in God's name,  
 Art thou thus silent  
 From consciousness of innocence or guilt?  
 If in thy favor the dread thunder speaks,  
 Touch with thy hand this cross and give a sign.

[*KING motions to an acolyte standing near with processional cross, who presents it to JOAN. All press forward to see if she will touch the cross. Thunder becomes more terrific. JOAN raises her eyes imploringly to Heaven. She stretches out both hands to cross. Curtain falls. White lights.*]

## SCENE VII.

**The Same as Scene Six.**

[*Enter JOAN and SYBILLE.*]

JOAN [*calmly*]. Thou seest I am followed by a curse.  
 And all fly from me. Do thou leave me, too,  
 Seek safety for thyself.

SYB. I leave thee, now!  
 Alas, who then would bear thee company?

JOAN. I am not unaccompanied.  
 Thou hast heard the loud thunder, rolling o'er my head.

My destiny conducts me. Do not fear.  
Without my seeking, I shall reach the goal.

SYB. And whither wouldst thou go? Here stand our  
foes,

Who have against thee vengeance sworn.

There stand our people,

Who have banished thee.

JOAN. Naught will befall me, but what Heaven ordains.

SYB. [*taking JOAN'S hand*]. Ah, wilt thou not look  
within? Wilt thou not

Repent thy sin, be reconciled to God,

And to the bosom of the church return?

JOAN. Thou holdst me guilty of this heavy crime?

SYB. Needs must I; thou didst silently confess.

JOAN. Thou who hast followed me in misery,  
The only being who true remained,

Who clung to me when all the world forsook;

Thou holdst me for a reprobate,

Who hath renounced her God.

Oh, this is hard!

SYB. And thou wert really then no sorceress?

JOAN. A sorceress?

SYB. And all these miracles

Thou hast accomplished through the power of God?

And of His holy Saints?

JOAN. Through whom besides?

SYB. And thou wert silent to that fearful charge?  
When words would have availed thee, thou wert dumb!

JOAN. I silently submitted to the doom  
Which God, my Lord and Master, o'er me hung.

SYB. Thou couldst not to thy father aught reply?

JOAN. Coming from him, methought it came from God.

SYB. The Heavens themselves bore witness to thy guilt!

JOAN. The Heavens spoke, therefore I was silent.

SYB.

And hast

In this unhappy error left the world?

JOAN. It was no error; 'twas the will of Heaven

SYB. Thou innocently sufferedst this shame,  
And no complaint proceeded from thy lips!  
I am amazed—I stand o'erwhelmed.  
But could I ever dream a human heart  
Would meet in silence such a fearful doom?

JOAN. Should I deserve to be Heaven's messenger  
Unless the Master's will I blindly honored?

SYB. O let us hasten! come, let us proclaim  
Thine innocence aloud to all the world.

JOAN. He who sent this delusion will dispel it.  
A day is coming that will clear my name,  
When those who now condemn and banish me  
Will see their error, and will weep my doom.

SYB. And shall I wait in silence, until chance——

JOAN [*taking her hand*]. Thy sense is shrouded by an  
earthly veil,

And dwelleth only on external things.

Mine eye hath gazed on the invisible!

Without permission from our God, no hair  
Falls from the head of man.

Seest thou the sun

Declining in the west? So certainly

As morn returneth in her radiant light,

Infallibly the day of truth shall come.

[*She looks up as if inspired, still holding SYBILLE'S  
hand, who embraces her. A noise without.  
QUEEN ISABELLA entering with soldiers.*]

ISA. This is the way to the English camp.

[*Soldiers advance. Perceiving JOAN, they fall back in  
terror.*]

What now obstructs the march?

Do you see a spirit?

How! Are ye soldiers?

Ye are cowards all!

[Starts on seeing JOAN.]

What do I see? [She collects herself and approaches her.]  
Submit thyself; thou art my prisoner!

JOAN. I am.

[SYBILLE runs off.]

ISA. [to soldiers]. Lay her in chains!

Is this the mighty, the terrific one,  
Who chased your warriors like a flock of lambs,  
Who, powerless now, cannot protect herself?  
Doth she work miracles with credulous fools,  
And lose her influence when she meets a man?  
Why didst thou leave the army?

JOAN. I am banished.

ISA. What sayst thou? Thou art banished  
By the Dauphin?

JOAN. Inquire no further! I am in thy power—  
Decide my fate.

ISA. Banished, because thou hast  
Snatched him from ruin, placed upon his brow  
The crown at Rheims, and made him King of France!  
Therein I recognize my son!

[To the soldiers.] Conduct her to camp, and let the host  
Behold the phantom before whom they trembled.

She a magician!

Her sole magic lies

In your delusion and your cowardice.

She is a fool who sacrificed herself

To save her King, and reapeth for her pains

A king's reward. Obey orders! Bear her hence.

JOAN [to soldiers]. Ye English, suffer not that I escape  
Alive out of your hands!

Revenge yourselves!

Unsheath your swords, plunge them into my heart,

And drag me lifeless to your general's feet.

Remember, it was I who slew your heroes.

I now am in your power ; I may, perchance,  
Not always be so weak.

Obeys the Queen.

[*She follows the soldiers. Curtain. Sad music.*]

### SCENE VIII.

Council Chamber at Rouen, with Dais, Seat, and Table in Front. Judges Assembled.

[*Enter guards. BEAUVAIS takes seat on dais. JOAN guarded.*]

BEAUVAIS. Joan of Arc, we arraign you that you may give this high assembly a sufficient testimony of your innocence ; or, otherwise, receive such sentence as shall best accord with their principles and their morality.

JOAN [*calmly*]. Of what *am* I accused ?

BEAU. Sorcery ! Of practicing unlawful spells, and assisting the army of Charles, against the true interests of France.

JOAN. It was enough for me that Charles was an injured monarch, excluded from his rights by an oppressive force, which rights were alone in him, inasmuch as he was and is King, and you subject.

BEAU. We speak not of these matters—we have tendered to you such conditions as, accepted, would have left no room for mercy.

JOAN. I ask not mercy ; in the lion's den I seek it not. You have shown me how you estimate the principles of mercy.

BEAU. You are a heretic, and have professed a knowledge of Him contrary to your religion. You have pretended to see visions revealing futurity. You are leagued with those who make a practice of witchcraft. Will you confess ?

JOAN. To Heaven ! Yes, to that Being who numbers the stars and looks frowning down upon the judges of this assembly. You think, in sacrificing me, to convince your soldiers that superstition, and not Heaven, has subdued them ; but your imagination is in

error, for from my ashes, phoenix-like, will rise a spirit that shall blaze athwart the sword and helmet of Charles till not one of you will be left to curse the hour in which you assigned to Joan of Arc, the deliverer, under Heaven, of her King and country, to *you* a shameful, but to *her* a glorious, death.

BEAU. 'Tis time to pronounce the sentence. Woman, disgraceful to your kindred and to your country, I pronounce upon you, in the name of this reverend and combined assembly, the sentence of death; and decree that you be burnt at the stake in the public market-place, opposite the city gates.

JOAN [*weeps*]. If Heaven look and permit this punishment, 'tis not for me to murmur. You marvel that I weep; exult not, they are tears of gratitude. While you shall bear upon your tombs the brand of infamy, the memory of Joan of Arc, which you think to exterminate, shall become immortal.

[*Music. Curtain.*]

## SCENE IX.

**Market-Place. A Stake, Surrounded with Wood Piled Up. Torch-Bearers. Joan's Sword and Shield Lying on Pile. Beauvais and Lords, Executioners, Soldiers, Priests.**

[*Enter JOAN between two soldiers.*]

JOAN. Behold, proud and vindictive lords, how tranquilly I come to die. But a moment and I shall have passed the barrier of human suffering. My griefs will dissolve themselves into eternity, and I feel that I shall be at peace in the bosom of that delightful serenity from which no earthly power can send me back. Remember—for it is my glory still—I die in the cause of my King, subdued, not vanquished.

[*Enter THIBAUT.*]

JOAN. Father, my father, bless me!

THIB. We'll meet again, my child.

JOAN [*kneels to her father*]. Bless me; forgive and bless your child. [*Rises.*] I am now prepared to die for my country.

[*Ascends pile and is chained to stake. Music all through.*

*Red light.*]

[*Looking up.*] See you the rainbow in the air?

Its golden portals Heaven doth wide unfold.

Amid the angel choir She radiant stands;

The Eternal Son She claspeth to Her breast;

Her arms She stretcheth forth to me in love.

Light clouds bear me up!

I mount—I fly! Back rolls the dwindling earth.

Brief is the sorrow; endless—is—the—joy!

[*Her head falls.*]

CURTAIN.

*N. B.—The distribution of characters at the close may be made according to taste, as it affords opportunity for fine tableau.*]



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